

The Triflers

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"I've been quite frank with him. I told him that I did not want to marry him. I've told him that I couldn't conceive of any possible circumstances under which I would marry him. I've told him that in French and I've told him that in English, and he won't believe me."

"The cad!" exclaimed Monte.

"It doesn't seem fair," she mused. "The only thing I ask for is to be allowed to lead my life undisturbed, and he won't let me. There are others, too. I had five letters this morning. So all I can do is to run away again."

"To where?" asked Monte.

"You spoke of the little villages along the Riviera."

"Yes," he nodded. "There is the village of Etois—back in the mountains."

"Then I might go there. *C'est tout égal.*"

"But look here. Supposing the—this Hamilton should follow you there?"

"Then I must move again."

Monte paced the room. Obviously this was not right. There was no reason why she should be continually hounded. Yet there seemed to be no way to prevent it.

He stopped in front of her. She glanced up—her eyes, even now, calm and deep as trout pools.

"I'll get hold of the beggar to-day," he said grimly.

She shook her head.

"Please not."

"But he's the one who must go away. If I could have a few minutes with him alone, I think perhaps I could make him see that."

"Please not," she repeated.

"What's the harm?"

"I don't think it would be safe—for either of you."

She raised her eyes as she said that, and for a moment Monte was held by them. Then she rose.

"After all, it's too bad for me to inflict my troubles on you," she said.

"I don't mind," he answered quickly.

"Only—hang it all, there doesn't seem to be anything I can do!"

"I guess there isn't anything any one can do," she replied helplessly.

"So you're going away?"

"To-night," she nodded.

"To Etois?"

"Perhaps. Perhaps to India. Perhaps to Japan."

It was the indefiniteness Monte did not relish. Even as she spoke, it was as if she began to disappear; and for a second he felt again the full weight of his thirty-two years.

"Suppose I order young Hamilton to leave Paris?" he asked.

"But what right have you to order him to leave Paris?"

"Well, I can tell him he is annoying you and that I won't stand for it."

For a second her eyes grew mellow.

"If you were only my big brother, now," she breathed.

Monte saw the point.

"You mean he'll ask—what business you are of mine?"

"Yes."

And Monte would have no answer. He realized that. As a friend he had, of course, certain rights; but they were distinctly limited. As a friend he would be justified perhaps in throwing young Hamilton out of the door if he happened to be around when the man was actually annoying her; but there was no way in which he could guard her against such annoyances in the future. Young Hamilton, if he chose, could harry her around the world, and it would be none of Monte's business.

There was something wrong with a situation of that sort. If he had only been born her brother or father, or even a first cousin, then it might be possible to do something, because, if necessary, he could remain always at hand. He wondered vaguely if there were not some law that would make him a first cousin. He was on the point of suggesting it when a

bell jangled solemnly in the hall. The girl clutched his arm.

"I'm afraid he's come again," she gasped.

Monte threw back his shoulders.

"Fine," he smiled. "It couldn't be better."

"But I don't want to see him! I won't see him!"

"There isn't the slightest need in the world of it," he nodded. "You go upstairs, and I'll see him."

But, clinging to his arm, she drew him into the hall and toward the stairs. The bell rang again—impatiently.

"Come," she insisted.

He tried to calm her.

"Steady! Steady! I promise you I won't make a scene."

"But he will. Oh, you don't know him. I won't have it! Do you hear? I won't have it."

To Madame Courcy, who appeared, she whispered:

"Tell him I refuse to see him again. Tell him you will call the gendarmes."

"It seems so foolish to call in those fellows when the whole thing might be settled quietly right now," pleaded Monte.

He turned eagerly toward the door.

"If you don't come away, Monte," she said quietly, "I won't ever send for you again."

Reluctantly he followed her up the stairs as the bell jangled harshly, wildly.

DEJECTEDLY, Monte seated himself upon a trunk in the midst of a scene of fluffy chaos. Marie had swooped in from the next room, seized one armful, and returned in consternation as her mistress stood poised at the threshold. Then, with her face white, Marjory closed the door and locked it.

"He's down there," she informed Monte. Monte glanced at his watch.

"It's quarter of twelve," he announced. "I'll give him until twelve to leave."

Marjory crossed to the window and stared out at the sun-lighted street.

Monte glanced at his watch again. "Five minutes gone! Have you seen him leave?"

"No, Monte," she answered. He folded his arms resignedly.

"You don't really mean to act against my wishes, Monte?"

"If that's the only way of getting rid of him," he answered coolly.

"But don't you see—don't you understand that you will only make a scandal of it?" she said.

"What do you mean?"

"If he makes a scene it will be in the papers, and then—oh, well, they will ask by what right—"

"I'd answer I was simply ridding you of a crazy man."

"They would smile. Oh, I know them! Here in Paris they won't believe that a woman who isn't married—"

She stopped abruptly.

MONTES brows came together.

Here was the same situation that had confronted him a few minutes before. Not only had he no right, but if he assumed a right his claim might be misinterpreted.

Monte's lips came together. As far as he himself was concerned, he was willing to take the risk; but the risk was not his to take. As long as he found himself unable to devise any scheme by which he could, even technically, make himself over into her father, her brother, or even a first cousin, there appeared no possible way in which he could assume the right that would not make it a risk.

Except one way.

Here Monte caught his breath.

There was just one relationship open to him that would bestow upon him automatically the undeniable right to say to Teddy Hamilton anything that might occur to him.

To be sure, the idea was rather staggering. It was distinctly novel, for one

The Wonderful Mission of the Internal Bath

By C. G. PERCIVAL, M. D.

DO you know that over five hundred thousand Americans are at the present time seeking freedom from small, as well as serious ailments, by the practice of Internal Bathing?

Do you know that hosts of enlightened physicians all over the country, as well as osteopaths, physical culturists, etc., etc., are recommending and recognizing this practice as the most likely way now known to secure and preserve perfect health?

There are the best of logical reasons for this practice and these opinions, and these reasons will be very interesting to everyone.

In the first place, nearly every physician realizes and agrees that 95 per cent. of human illnesses is caused directly or indirectly by accumulated waste in the colon; this is bound to accumulate, because we of to-day neither eat the kind of food nor take the amount of exercise which Nature demands in order that she may thoroughly eliminate the waste unaided—

That's the reason when you are ill the physician gives you something to remove this accumulation of waste before commencing to treat your specific trouble.

It's ten to one that no specific trouble would have developed if there were no accumulation of waste in the colon—

And that's the reason that the famous Professor Metchnikoff, one of the world's greatest scientists, has boldly and specifically stated that if our colons were taken away in infancy, the length of our lives would be increased to probably 150 years. You see, this waste is extremely poisonous, and as the blood flows through the walls of the colon it absorbs the poisons and carries them through the circulation—that's what causes Auto-Intoxication, with all its perniciously enervating and weakening results. These pull down our powers of resistance and render us subject to almost any serious complaint which may be prevalent at the time. And the worst feature of it is that there are few of us who know when we are Auto-Intoxicated.

But you can never be Auto-Intoxicated if you periodically use the proper kind of an Internal Bath—that is sure.

It is Nature's own relief and corrector—just warm water, which, used in the right way, cleanses the colon thoroughly its entire length and makes and keeps it sweet, clean and pure, as Nature demands it shall be for the entire system to work properly.

The following enlightening news article is quoted from the New York Times:

"What may lead to a remarkable advance in the operative treatment of certain forms of tuberculosis is said to have been achieved at Guy's Hospital. Briefly, the operation of the removal of the lower intestine has been applied to cases of tuberculosis, and the results are said to be in every way satisfactory."

"The principle of the treatment is the removal of the cause of the disease. Recent researches of Metchnikoff and others have led doctors to suppose that many conditions of chronic ill-health, such as nervous debility, rheumatism, and other disorders, are due to poisoning set up by unhealthy conditions in the large intestine, and it has even been suggested that the lowering of the vitality resulting from such poisoning

is favorable to the development of cancer and tuberculosis.

"At Guy's Hospital, Sir William Arbuthnot Lane decided on the heroic plan of removing the diseased organ. A child, who appeared in the final stage of what was believed to be an incurable form of tubercular joint disease, was operated on. The lower intestine, with the exception of nine inches, was removed, and the portion left was joined to the smaller intestine."

"The result was astonishing. In a week's time the internal organs resumed all their normal functions, and in a few weeks the patient was apparently in perfect health."

You undoubtedly know, from your own personal experience, how dull and unfit to work, or think properly, biliousness and many other apparently simple troubles make you feel. And you probably know, too, that these irregularities, all directly traceable to accumulated waste, make you really sick if permitted to continue.

You also probably know that the old-fashioned method of drugging for these complaints is, at best, only partially effective; the doses must be increased if continued, and finally they cease to be effective at all.

It is true that more drugs are probably used for this than all other human ills combined, which simply goes to prove how universal the trouble caused by accumulated waste really is—but there is not a doubt that drugs are being dropped as Internal Bathing is becoming better known—

For it is not possible to conceive, until you have had the experience yourself, what a wonderful bracer an Internal Bath really is; taken at night, you awake in the morning with a feeling of lightness and buoyancy that cannot be described—you are absolutely clean, everything is working in perfect accord, your appetite is better, your brain is clearer, and you feel full of vim and confidence for the day's duties.

There is nothing new about Internal Baths except the way of administering them. Some years ago Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, of New York, was so miraculously benefited by faithfully using the method then in vogue, that he made Internal Baths his special study, and improved materially in administering the Bath and in getting the result desired.

This perfected Bath he called the "J. B. L." Cascade, and it is the one which has so quickly popularized and recommended itself that hundreds of thousands are to-day using it.

Dr. Tyrrell, in his practice and researches, discovered many unique and interesting facts in connection with this subject; these he has collected in a little book, "The What, the Why, the Way of Internal Bathing," which will be sent free on request if you address Chas. A. Tyrrell, M. D., 134 West 65th Street, New York City, and mention having read this in The Associated Sunday Magazine and Every Week.

This book tells us facts that we never knew about ourselves before, and there is no doubt that everyone who has an interest in his or her own physical wellbeing, or that of the family, will be very greatly instructed and enlightened by reading this carefully prepared and scientifically correct little book.—[Adv.]